

A F U N E R A L E L E G Y
 On Her
 I L L U S T R I O U S H I G H N E S S E
 T H E
 P R I N C E S S E R O Y A L
 O F
 O R A N G E,

Who departed this life the 3^d. of January, new stile. 1661.



Ore tragick matter yet, to make us shed
 Torrents of tears, the Princess Royal dead?
 She, whose great heart, like an unshaken rock
 Fix'd in the floods, still brav'd the rudest shock
 Of adverse fate, when Heaven was pleas'd to try
 The courage of the Royal Family
 By Hells incursions; and who could not be
 Less then her self, when in her low'st degree;
 Nor more, though seated on the proudest Throne
 Upon the earth, in both estates still one?
 She, who so well, when highest, could express
 Her self a Lamb, when low'st, a Lioness,
 If disrespected by a Prince, or State,
 In Her rich mind never unfortunate?
 She, whose fair soul and body both were pure,
 In act and thought, whose conscience was secure,
 Whose Life was Saint-like, and whose death the same,
 Is gone to Heaven, from whence the substance came:
 This peerless Princess, this pure Pearl is lost
 To us; but found upon the happy Coast
 That still is green: where gloriously She
 Sitteth enthroned in Eternity,
 With Her triumphant Father, Martyr King,
 Brother, and Sister, which four make a ring
 Of Crowned Angels, and a Hierarchy
 Of Saints to praise the Highest Majesty:
 Great Princes, now transform'd to a fair Star,
 If from that bright Orb, where you fixed are,
 You can discern this wretched mote of earth
 Where mortals live, reflect on this sad birth
 Of our afflictions, caus'd by your remove.
 And cheer our hearts by one sweet look of love.

E P I T A P H.

If the proud Marble, Stranger, doth deny
 To satisfie thy curiosity,
 In thy demand what person lieth here,
 I'll answer thee, 'tis one whose life was dear
 To Heaven and Earth, a Princess great in blood,
 Great in estate, and in her mind as good:
 If th'art not pure and holy, come not near

This sacred Shrine, a Saint's entomb'd here,
 A mirror of perfection, a rich Mine
 Of Chastity and Beauty, which doth shine
 Though under earth and casts an odour forth
 T'inspire all vertuous Ladies with her worth,
 Let no Profane feet then presume to tread
 Near the blest reliques of this great Saint dead.

WILL. LOWE 42.